

California State University, San Bernardino

CSUSB ScholarWorks

Theses Digitization Project

John M. Pfau Library

1999

A performance in musical theatre: Singular sensations in Shakespeare and song

Lisa Lynn Lyons

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/etd-project>



Part of the [Theatre and Performance Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Lyons, Lisa Lynn, "A performance in musical theatre: Singular sensations in Shakespeare and song" (1999). *Theses Digitization Project*. 1712.

<https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/etd-project/1712>

This Project is brought to you for free and open access by the John M. Pfau Library at CSUSB ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Theses Digitization Project by an authorized administrator of CSUSB ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@csusb.edu.

A PERFORMANCE IN MUSICAL THEATRE:
SINGULAR SENSATIONS IN SHAKESPEARE AND SONG

A Project
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University
San Bernardino

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts
in
Interdisciplinary Studies

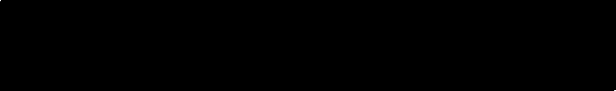
by
Lisa Lynn Lyons
September 1999

A PERFORMANCE IN MUSICAL THEATRE:
SINGULAR SENSATIONS IN SHAKESPEARE AND SONG

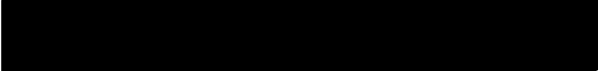
A Project
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University,
San Bernardino

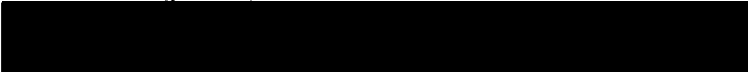
by
Lisa Lynn Lyons
September 1999

Approved by:


Margaret Perry, Theatre Arts

7-28-99
Date


Kathryn Ervin, Theatre Arts


Dr. Loren Filbeck, Music

ABSTRACT

The purpose of this project was to integrate the performance styles of musical theatre and Shakespearean classical acting. In addition to melding the acting styles, it was important that the material be thematically connected. The challenge was to combine these two art forms and make a unique theatrical event that would be enjoyable and understandable to audiences.

The success of the project was achieved by the connection of the themes in the text and music and the musical theatre format. The audience was able to interpret the meaning of Shakespeare's words with the help of songs that furthered the message of the classical scenes.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I wish to thank my husband, Lee, and son, Nicholas, my mentor Margaret Perry, and my Mom and Dad for bringing musical theatre into my life.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT	iii
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	iv
APOLOGIA	1
Introduction	1
Rehearsal and Preparation	2
Performance	9
APPENDIX A: SCRIPT	15
APPENDIX B: PROGRAM	44
APPENDIX C: FUNDRAISER INVITATION	46
APPENDIX D: THE COYOTE CHRONICLE REVIEW	47
APPENDIX E: PERFORMANCE VIDEO	48
BIBLIOGRAPHY	49

APOLOGIA

Introduction

Singular Sensations was the culminating project of a Master's Degree in Interdisciplinary Studies in Music and Theatre. The performance of this piece was preceded by many months of preparation, research and analysis of works from two genres of theatrical expression, Shakespeare and musical theatre. There is precedence for this combination. Musical theatre has often pirated material from Shakespeare, resulting in works such as *West Side Story* and *Kiss Me, Kate*. Shakespeare frequently interjected music and song into his productions, for example, the fairy songs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The aim of this project was to combine and present the styles so they would complement each other while showcasing the talents and training of two actresses.

Pam Lambert was the other actress who contributed her talents in Shakespeare to this performance, and Matthew Scarpino played the foil for all scenes. Margaret Perry, our advisor and mentor, took the materials and shaped them into an evening of theatre. I contributed musical performances as the culmination of my graduate studies. The project became a cabaret-style show that was presented in its entirety for four public performances. The two acts consisted of songs, scenes and monologues that mirrored

various aspects of love. "Courtship" included the songs *Sooner or Later, They Say It's Wonderful* and *Losing My Mind/You Could Drive a Person Crazy*. "Marriage" was comprised of *Miller's Son, Patterns* and *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. "The Other Woman" contained the song *Fifty Percent*. "The Battle of the Sexes" carried the most complicated music with *What You Don't Know About Women, Naughty Baby, You Wanna Be My Friend* and as the finale, *Brush Up Your Shakespeare*. The complete program is located in Appendix B.

Rehearsal and Preparation

It was a long journey to join the two mediums of theatre and music. I spent many hours listening to scores of musicals. I had to find music I was comfortable performing but which also correlated with the Shakespearean text. Some choices became obvious, for instance, *Brush Up Your Shakespeare*, Cole Porter's ode to Shakespearean acting. I thought that *Patterns*, an emotional contemporary ballad, would not be appropriate. However, when paired with Catherine of Aragon's desperate monologue from *Henry VIII*, the song was a beautifully moving moment in the production. Putting the show together was one of most enlightening aspects of this project.

"Courtship" was the theme that began the evening of integration of Shakespeare and song. This section contained

scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *All's Well That Ends Well* and three songs. *Sooner or Later*, from the movie, *Dick Tracy*, set up the action of the scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The beginning of attraction starts when one person decides to pursue another. Although Helena in *Midsummer* does not use the same tactics as *Breathless* did in *Dick Tracy*, the desired end result for both characters was to get the man.

When juxtaposing the lyrics and dialogue, it is clear just how insistent the two characters are on obtaining their target.

Helena

And even for that do I love
You the more. I am your spaniel:
The more you beat me, I will
Fawn on you.

Breathless

But if you insist babe,
the challenge delights me
The more you resist, babe
The more it excites me.

I first became familiar with this song from the musical, *Putting It Together*, which is a compilation of Sondheim songs within a vague story line. Unlike Madonna in *Dick Tracy*, the actress in this musical had a richer and more trained quality to her voice. I liked her rendition of the song due to that factor.

Because of my voice type, mezzo-soprano, the music available to me in musical theatre tends to be the "vamp" character. The great majority of musical theatre scores have the lower female voice singing the seductive songs. The

lower voice, traditionally, is sexier. The other type of woman the mezzo-soprano actress usually gets to play is the "unrequited love" character.

The role of Annie in *Annie Get Your Gun* is one such character. A song from that show, *They Say It's Wonderful*, was chosen very late in the rehearsal process as a transition number into *All's Well That Ends Well*. At some point in the act of courtship, both parties are in an idyllic state of romantic love. Annie is falling in love for the first time and is not sure how the relationship should progress. The lyrics "so they say" and "so they tell me" end each phrase. They really give the song a yearning quality that makes Annie a more sympathetic and vulnerable character.

The merging of the two songs, *Losing My Mind* and *You Could Drive A Person Crazy* took those vulnerable qualities and raised the emotions to a higher level. It marked the end of the "Courtship" section. These songs are actually from two different musicals. *Losing My Mind* is from *Follies*, and *You Could Drive a Person Crazy* comes from *Company*. Crazy is sung by a trio but the sentiment about men from all the women is the same. While the *Company* song is sung as an Andrews Sisters parody with sarcastic, biting lyrics, *Losing My Mind* is a heartfelt, emotional ballad. Sally, the

character who sings this song, really feels as if she is losing her mind over a lost love. However, when the two songs were juxtaposed, it created a melodramatic farce which seemed like a perfect segue into marriage.

In the "Marriage" section, we melded Shakespeare and music even further by interspersing the text within the songs. The two songs took the forefront in the emotional content of this section while the one monologue served as a jumping off point for further exploration into the marriage experience. Taken from the musical *A Little Night Music*, *The Miller's Song* is sung by Petra, the maid. She dreams about the different men she might marry. All of the men are unrealistic goals except for the miller's son. There are three verses about the three different men. In between each of these verses, we added Shakespearean text that correlated with the feeling of each verse.

I would define this song as a musical scene. The beginning of each section is a recitative that is followed by a very rhythmic verse. Sondheim, the composer and lyricist, has a wonderful sense of language. He might be compared with Shakespeare in that respect. The words of this song paint a delicious picture of each potential husband. I feel this song served much the same purpose as a monologue within a play.

The other song in this section would have stood on its own as a performance piece. However, we used *Patterns* from *Closer Than Ever* as the contemporary interpretation of Pam's monologue from *The Life of King Henry the Eighth*. The monologue set the tone of this portion of the program: that marriage is hard work and women carry the emotional strain with strength and dignity.

To end the First Act and change the mood after that moment, we went back into farce. Women have many different relationships with men. Fathers and husbands are sometimes very tightly linked. King Lear's speech about the division of his kingdom set up the structure of this sequence. Pam and I came onstage as the daughters of Lear. The song, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, became our anthem. Because this was the First Act closing number, it went over the top in energy and comedy. Cole Porter, who wrote the song, was the king of *double entendres* and this song has its share. In the musical, *Leave It to Me*, Mary Martin sang the song in a fur coat and stripped down to a pink nightie. Pam and I competed with each other as characters and performers to see who could be the most outrageous.

The Second Act opened the door to unconventional aspects of love and relationships: "The Other Woman" and "The Battle of the Sexes." "The Other Woman" contained one

selection from each venue of performance. The woman who engages in a relationship with a married man is usually shunned in society. Pam brought to life the character of Mistress Quickly from *The Life of King Henry the Fourth* and *The Life of King Henry the Fifth*. Mistress Quickly and Falstaff have a tempestuous love affair that never has closure. While the monologue was funny it ended with a bittersweet emotion. I followed that with a song from *Ballroom* called *Fifty Percent*. The character in this show has chosen to be with a married man, but the lyrics suggest that this is not a perfect situation.

The "Battle of the Sexes" portion of the evening was the most fun I have ever had on stage. It pushed me to the limits as a performer. Each of the three songs contained a different challenge. I thought the music somewhat overshadowed the two scenes. However, as we were building to the end of the evening, the dogma of musical theatre dictates "When words aren't enough, you must sing and dance."

To begin this section, I had to do something I never thought was possible. I did a Shakespearean scene. From *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I played Mistress Ford and Pam was Mistress Page. In Act I, Scene 4, the two ladies come across each other in the garden. During the course of their

conversation, they discover they have received the exact same letter from John Falstaff. Their feelings about men and their eventual revenge are expounded in this scene and provided the segue into the song, *What You Don't Know About Women*.

Two women are in love with or hate the same man. The song is a duet between the wife and the secretary of one of the main characters in the musical, *City of Angels*. We incorporated our token male into this piece, and Pam and I barraged him with barbs regarding men. He made the scene even more fun by becoming our punching bag.

Because we were engaged in a battle, the show had nowhere to go but up in energy at this point. *Naughty Baby*, from *Crazy for You* was a piece that glorified female attributes and was blocked in such a way that the male was used as a physical prop. Matt was given quite a workout by lifting and carrying me. Loosely based on the movie with the same title, the song contains one show-stopping moment after another, as a cool sophisticate from the city meets up with a country boy and wants to show him a good time.

This song gave me an opportunity to choreograph. Matt was patient as I tried to find creative ways to partner him. As I have a tendency to over-choreograph, I was ever mindful that both of us had to sing and dance at the same time.

Matt was such a good partner that he made the whole dance a pure joy. His facial expressions were half the song and I did not have to choreograph those.

Pam's monologue from *Taming of the Shrew* was the perfect choice to follow such a number. We continued the rejection of males with the song *You Wanna Be My Friend*. This was the last song and culminating message the section, "The Battle of the Sexes". I hesitate to call it "male bashing," but it certainly had that effect. The last line in Pam's monologue was "I will go sit and weep till I can find occasion of revenge". I, then, took revenge on Matt during the song with verbal and physical abuse. We ended the evening with *Brush Up Your Shakespeare*. It was the blending of Shakespeare and song written in Cole Porter perfection.

The Performance

As a singer I felt comfortable with the material. I had a hand in choosing it and in orchestrating it, but I did feel some of the songs challenged my vocal technique. As a vocal coach, I know that singers can broadcast anxiety about their ability to hit notes. I think I was able to act my way through the songs, so that I avoided that pitfall. As an actor, I didn't feel I went as far as I could go in intensity on some numbers.

One such number was *Sooner or Later*. The hardest aspect of this performance was singing it as myself. Part of the blocking required me to interact with audience members. Technically, I was not happy with my costume and did not feel "sexy" enough to carry this number off. I, therefore, took a more "campy" approach to the song.

However, in the song *Naughty Baby*, I felt comfortable with the sexy part as well as the comedic aspect of the song. In retrospect, I think the singer/actor has to perform the exhausting task of melding the singing technique with the acting technique. Not only must you be comfortable with your singing technique but you must also convey the emotions in your voice and body.

In the song *The Miller's Son*, I was comfortable with my voice but not with my body. I had sung the song before in an undergraduate musical theatre course. It is an alto/belt-type of song. The range is from f to b, above middle c, which would not be difficult except the song is moving so quickly there is not sufficient time to make proper vocal transitions from belt to mix. Consequently, the top note had to be belted.

I also had a singing dilemma that I believe stems from my classical training. If I was standing still, I could make some transitions and hit the high note with a mixed

tone. However, combining singing with blocking, I could no longer sustain the mixed tone. As I rehearsed the song, I did not foresee any problems. It was only when we started running the show full out that I discovered the difference. This has been a problem in other productions, so I think it will be something that needs further experimentation on my part.

Musically and emotionally, I was most successful with *Patterns* and *Fifty Percent*. Both required a dramatic intensity that was exciting for me, as a comedic actress, to attempt. *Patterns* was perhaps the most emotionally difficult song to sing because it was so close to my own situation in life. It tells of a woman who is going through the motions of life and yearns to run away from the patterns she has created. The melodic line was also constructed with patterns. It descended with three notes and then went up and down using those same three notes. The challenge in the first part of the A section was to create a very legato line. The second section had a more recitative feel leading into the B section, which was the dramatic climax.

I worked extensively with my vocal coach on this passage. The approach to the highest note was not an easy one. It started like an arpeggio then skipped up a minor

sixth. Fortunately, as it was the emotional apex of the song, the feelings helped to carry the note along.

Some of the easier songs were *They Say It's Wonderful* and *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. The ranges were just over an octave, but the challenge was to stay in the musical theatre mixed tone. There were not any transitions between different voices. The mixed tone has a more classical sound than a straight belt.

My weakness as an actor has been that I do not often go to the edge of my emotional range. *Losing My Mind/You Could Drive a Person Crazy* ran the gamut of emotions. This medley was a workout vocally because the emotions had to be so over the top. The *Losing My Mind* portion started off seriously. The transition into *Crazy* was something out of the "Twilight Zone." I used the character of Norma Desmond from Sunset Boulevard as my role model. By the end of the number, I was exhausted physically and emotionally.

You Wanna Be My Friend had an anger and intensity that was new for me as an actress. In *Merrily We Roll Along*, one of my Master's performance requirements, I played Gussie, an aggressive, manipulative woman. She was very much against the usual type of character I play. The character in *Friend* was similar. She started out friendly then became volatile. I wanted to get the right build in the anger but at the end

of each verse, there was an explosion. Each verse had to be different even though the pattern was the same. The secret was to start small, build to a big finish at the end of each verse, and then start building again. Most of the song was spoken rather than sung so the challenge was to make the vocal patterns not repetitive even though the verses had the same builds each time.

Regarding my foray into Shakespearean acting, I can only say I now understand why actors get so passionate about his work. I was very intimidated by Shakespeare. I couldn't imagine these words flowing out of my mouth. I begged for line readings and interpretations from Pam and Margaret. The skill came slowly but by the time we performed it, the scene felt like something out of musical theatre. The pacing and physical timing reminded me of *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* by Sondheim. Some of the words felt uncomfortable to say because they were superfluous to the overall meaning of the text. Once I got past them, it was truly an exciting experience.

The objective of this Master's project was to expand my technical abilities in all three areas of musical theatre: singing, dancing and acting. I felt I stretched myself in all three areas. Because the production primarily involved two actors, each of us was able to concentrate on our

weaknesses and build on our strengths. I was pleased with the end result. I would like another chance to perform it without the pressure of academic deadlines. I also think this show would be a great vehicle for public school consumption. The combination of Shakespeare and musical theatre was accessible to audiences.

APPENDIX A: SCRIPT

ACT ONE

One (Singular Sensation)

Chorus Line

music: Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics: Edward Kleban

house to half
house up
lights up on
Pam and Lisa

Both

5 *One, singular sensation
words that we articulate
One, thrilling combination
every move that we make*

12

Pam

*One sonnet suddenly no other words will do
(4 measures silence between 15 and 16)
If music be the food of love, play on*

Lisa

16 *You know you'll always leave humming with you know who
(4 measures silence between 19 and 20)
Some enchanted evening, you may see a stranger*

Both

20 *One moment in their presence
and you can forget the rest
For their plays are second best to none, son
Oooh, heee
Give us your attention
Do we really need to mention*

32

music continues under:

Pam

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet

36, 37

Melody & accompaniment

38, 39

Accompaniment only

Pam

The course of true love never did run smooth

40, 41

Melody & accompaniment (no lyrics)

42, 43, 44, 45

Counted not played

Lisa

Won't forget, can't regret, what I did for love

Both

46 Can't help all Shakespeare qualities extolling

Lisa

49, repeat 50 Loaded with charisma songs by
Cole Porter
Gershwin, Kern
Lerner Lowe
Hammerstein

Lloyd Webber
Steve Sondheim
Kander Ebb
and Bernstein

Lisa

51 You walk onto stage and you know you must
step shuffle kick, belt out the note

Pam

54 Note all the meter and couplets Will wrote

Both

55 This is what-cha call acting
Oh strut your stuff
Can't get enough
of them
love them

Pam

63 I emote

Lisa

I can dance

64 This show's one of a kind

at 66 return to:

1 - 4

12 measures counted not played

Pam: Romeo Romeo, where for art thou romeo

Lisa: Where is love

1 - 4

12 measures counted not played

Pam: I dote upon his very absence

Lisa: But where are the clowns, send in the clowns

1 - 4

12 measures counted not played

Lisa: I loved you once in silence

Pam: Men of few words are the best men

1 - 4

12 measures counted not played

Pam: Frailty thy name is woman

Lisa: I don't know how to love him

1 - 4

12 measures counted not played

Pam: What a piece of work is a man

Lisa: I'm in love with a wonderful guy

1 - 4

12 measures counted not played

Lisa: I cain't say no

Pam: I am not a slut, though I thank god I am foul

Both

67

One, singular sensation

words we articulate

One, thrilling combination

every move that we make

Pam

One sonnet suddenly no other words will do

Lisa

*You know you'll always leave humming with you
know who*

Both

83

One moment in their presence

and you can forget the rest

Both cont.

For their plays are second best to none, son

Oooh, heee

Give us your attention

Do we really need to mention

95 - 96 no lyric

2 measures counted not played

The quality of mercy is not strained

95 - 96 no lyric

2 measures counted not played

Lord what fools these mortals be

95 - 96 no lyric

2 measures counted not played

To be or not to be that is the question

95 - 96 no lyric

Both

97

One

101 - 104 repeat and fade

Scene 2
(Courtship)

Sooner or Later

music and lyrics by: Stephen Sondheim

Dick Tracy

Sooner or later you're gonna be mine
Sooner or later you're gonna be fine
Baby, it's time that you faced it,
I always get my man

Sooner or later you're gonna decide
Sooner or later there's nowhere to hide
Baby it's time, so why waste the chatter
Let's settle the matter
Baby you're mine on a platter,
I always get my man

But if you insist babe
The challenge delights me
The more you resist babe
The more it excites me
and no one I've kissed babe
Ever fights me again

If you're on my list it's just a question of when
When I get a yen, then baby, amen
I'm counting to ten, and then

I'm gonna love you like nothing you've known
I'm gonna love you and you all alone
Sooner is better than later
I'll hover, I'll plan

This time I'm not only getting, I'm holding my man
This time I'm not only getting, I'm holding my man

Sonnett 18 - "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Helena

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Hermia

God speed fair Helena, Whither away?

Helena

Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair!
Your eyes are lodestars, and you tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green. when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching. O, were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Hermia

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine

Helena

None but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!
How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither and back again.

Demetrius

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.

Helena

You draw me , you hard-hearted adamant!
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Demetrius

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor cannot love you?

Helena

I am your spaniel; and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel - spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Demetrius

I will not stay thy questions. Let me go!
Or if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Helena

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field
You do me mischief. Fie Demetrius.
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex;
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell
To die upon the hand I love so well.
Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough dear friend,
That I did never, no, nor never can.
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye.
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong! good sooth you do.
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame.
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned me
To strike me, spurn me, nay to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Hermia

Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

Helena

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
With Demetrius
I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

Demetrius

I am amazed, and know not what to say.

They Say It's Wonderful

Annie Get Your Gun

music and lyrics by: Irving Berlin

*They say that falling in love
Is wonderful
It's wonderful
So they say*

*And with a moon up above
It's wonderful
It's wonderful
So they tell me*

*I can't recall who said it
I know I never read it
I only know they tell me that love is grand, and
The thing that's known as romance
Is wonderful
Wonderful
In every way
So they say*

*Rumors fly and they often leave a doubt
But you've come to the right place to find out
Everything that you've heard is really so
I've been there once or twice and I should know*

*You'll find that falling in love
Is wonderful
It's wonderful
As they say*

*And with a moon up above
It's wonderful
It's wonderful
As they tell you*

You leave your house some morning
And without any warning
You're stopping people shouting that love is grand
And

To hold a man in your arms
Is wonderful
Wonderful
In every way

I should say

All's Well That Ends Well

Act 1 Scene 1

Helena

My imagination
Carries no favor in't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls.
In our heart's table- heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here

Enter Parolles

One that goes with him, I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Looks bleak i' th' cold wind; withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Parolles

Save you fair queen!

Helena

And you, monarch!

Parolles

No

Helena

And no.

Parolles

Are you meditating on virginity?

Helena

Ay, You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Parolles

Keep him out

Helena

But he assails, and our virginity, though valiant, in the defense yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Parolles

There is none. Man setting down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

Helena

Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Parolles

Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. 'Tis too cold a companion. Away with't!

Helena

I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Parolles

There's little can be said in't: tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience.

Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon;

Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't! Away with't!

Helena

How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Parolles

Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying;

the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request.
Your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily. Marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear! Will you anything with it?

Helena

Not my virginity yet....
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he?
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court's a learning place, and he is one-

Parolles

What one, i'faith?

Helena

That I wish well. 'Tis pity-

Parolles

What's pity?

Helena

That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Parolles

Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Helena

Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable
star.

Losing My Mind

music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Follies

*The sun comes up - I think about you
The coffee cup - I think about you
I want you so, it's like losing my mind*

The morning ends - I think about you

I talk to friends and think about you
And do they know it's like I'm losing my mind?

All afternoon doing every little chore
The thought of you stays bright
Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor
Not going left - not going right

I dim the lights and think about you
Spend sleepless nights to think about you
You said you loved me, or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing
Losing my mind?

All afternoon doing every little chore
The thought of you stays bright
Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor
Not going left - not going right

I dim the lights and think about you
Spend sleepless nights to think about you
You said you loved me
Or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?
Or am I losing my mind?

You said you loved me
Or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?

Or were you just being kind?
Or am I losing my mind?
Losing my mind?
Losing my mind?
Losing my mind?
Losing my mind?
Losing my mind?

You Could Drive a Person Crazy

music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Company

You could drive a person crazy,
You could drive a person mad.
First you make a person hazy
So a person could be had.
Then you leave a person dangling sadly
Outside your door,
Which could only make a person gladly
Want you even more.
I could understand a person
If it's not a person's bag.
I could understand a person
If a person was a fag.

But worse'n that,
A person that
Titillates a person and then leaves her flat
Is crazy,
He's a troubled person,
He's a truly crazy person himself

When a person's personallity is personable,
He should not sit like a lump.
It's harder than a matador coercin' a bull
To try to get you off of your rump.
So single and attentive and attractive a man
Is everything a person could wish,
But turning off a person is the act of a man
Who likes to pull the hooks out of fish.

You could drive a person buggy,
You could blow a person's cool.
Like you make a person feel all huggy
While you make her feel a fool.
When a person says that you upset her,
That's when you're good.
You impersonate a person better
Than a zombie should.
I could understand a person
If he wasn't good in bed.
I could understand a person
If he actually was dead.
Exclusive you!
Elusive you!
Will any person ever get the juice of you?
You're crazy,
You're a lovely person,
You're a moving,
Deeply maladjusted,
Never to be trusted,
Crazy person yourself.

Scene 2
(Marriage)

Sonnet 116 - "Let me not to the marriage of true minds"

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his highth be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, not no man ever loved.

Millers Son

A Little Night Music

music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

*I shall marry the millers son,
Pin my hat on a nice piece of property.
Friday nights, for a bit of fun, we'll go dancing.*

Meanwhile...

*It's a wink and a wiggle and a giggle on the grass
And I'll trip the light fandango,
A pinch and a diddle in the middle of what passes by.*

*It's a very short road from the pinch and the punch
To the paunch and the pouch and the pension,
It's a very short road to the ten thousandth lunch,
And the belch and the grouch and the sigh.*

*In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed before mouths to be fed
And a lot in between in the meanwhile.
And a girl ought to celebrate what passes by.*

Beatrice

*The fault will be in the music, if you be not wooed in good
time. There is measure in everything, and so dance out the
answer. For, wooing, wedding, and repenting is as a Scotch
jig, a measure, and a cinquepace. The first suit is hot and
hasty like a Scotch jig (and full as fantastical); the
wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and
ancientry; and then comes Repentance.*

*Or I shall marry the bus'ness man,
Five fat babies and lots of security.
Friday nights, if we think we can,
We'll go dancing.*

Meanwhile...

*It's a push and a fumble and a tumble in the sheets
And I'll foot the highland fancy,
A dip in the butter and a flutter with what meets my
eye.*

*In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed before mouths to be fed,
And there's many a tryst and there's many a bed
To be sampled and seen in the meanwhile*

And a girl has to celebrate what passes by.

Rosalind

The poor world is
almost six thousand years old, and in all this time
there was not any man died in his own person,
namely, in a love cause. Men have died from time
to time, and worms have eaten them. But not for love.
Men are April when they woo. December when they wed.
Maids are are May when they are maids, but the sky
changes when they are wives.

*Or I shall marry the Prince of Wales,
Pearls and servants and dressing for festivals.
Friday nights, with him all in tails,
We'll have dancing.*

Meanwhile...

*It's a rip in the bustle and a rustle in the hay
And I'll pitch the quick fantastic,
With flings of confetti and my petticoats away up
high.*

*It's a very short way from the fling that's for fun
To the thigh pressing under the table.
I'ts a very short day till you're stuck with just one
Or it has to be done on the sly.*

*In the meanwhile,
There are mouths to be kissed before mouths to be fed
And there's many a tryst and there's many a bed,
There's a lot I'll have missed but I'll not have been
dead
When I die!
And a person should celebrate everything
Passing by,*

Rosalind

Let me not admit impediments to the marriage of true minds.

And I shall marry the millers son.

Katherine of Aragon

Henry VIII

Katherine

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, not no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas sir,

In what have I offended you? What cause
 Hath my behavior given to your displeasure
 That thus you should proceed to put me off
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable,
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance - glad or sorry
 As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
 I contradicted your desire
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife in this obedience
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you. If in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name
 Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you sir,
 The king your father was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand,
 My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
 The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
 A year before. It is not to be questioned
 That they had gathered a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
 I will implore. If not i' th' name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Patterns

Baby

music: David Shire, lyrics: Richard Maltby, jr.

*Patterns in my life that I trace every day.
 Patterns as I say the things I always say.
 Patterns in the ceiling as I lie awake
 Why are patterns haunting every move I make?*

*Just look: Here I am on cue again.
 Upset, feeling torn in two again
 Afraid, saying I'm okay, making little jokes
 Till I run away..... again.*

*And yet today I am not the same
 I feel my life slipping from its frame.
 Strange feelings rise*

Feelings with no name and I can't face them,
So I shake them hard, fold them up,
And tuck them safely away.....again

Patterns that begin as I walk through a door.
Patterns in the curtains and the kitchen floor.
Patterns in the days routines I must arrange.
Patterns in the ways I try....but never change.

Just look, as I'm thrown a curve again, I leap,
Then I lose my nerve again.
In tears, running home I go, secretly relieved,
Safe with what I know.....again

And yet I know I am not the same.
Inside my heart is something I can't tame.
I feel my mind bursting into flame,
And I must change or else I'll break apart,
Or break away, and end up having to start,
.....again

Patterns through the day
I seem to use to give my life a shape
Patterns through the house
That give me comfort when I need escape.
Patterns that lead nowhere at all.

SCENE 3
(Daddy)

Sonnet 29 - "When in disgrace with fortune"

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

My Heart Belongs To Daddy
music & lyrics by Cole Porter

Leave It To Me

Lear

Know that we have divided in three our Kingdom;
And tis our fast intent to shake all cares and business
From our age. We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that further strife may be
Prevented now. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will
Divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of
state).

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?

*I used to fall in love with all
Those boys who maul the young cuties
But now I find I'm more inclined
To keep my mind on my duties
For since I came to care
For such a sweet millionaire
While tearing off a game of golf
I may make a play for the caddie
But if I do I don't follow through
'Cause my heart belongs to Daddy*

Goneril

Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter;
Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*If I invite a boy some night
To dine on my fine finnan haddie,
I just adore his asking for more
But my heart belongs to Daddy*

Regan

I am made of that self mettle as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love

*But my heart belongs to Daddy
Yes my heart belongs to Daddy
So I simply couldn't be bad
Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy
Da da da da da da da dad!
So I want to warn you laddie
Though I know you're perfectly swell
That my heart belongs to Daddy
'Cause my Daddy he treats it so well*

Cordelia

You have begot me, bred me, loved me. I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
(To love my father all.)

Yes my heart belongs to Daddy

'Cause my Daddy, he treats is so well.

One (Reprise)

ACT TWO

One (Reprise)

Scene 1 (The Other Woman)

Mistress Quickley

Henry IV & Henry V

Hostess

Why, Sir John, what do you think. Sir John?
Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have enquired, man by man, servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.
No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John. You owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? Coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book oath. Deny it, if thou canst.
Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time, but an honest and truer-hearted man - well fare thee well.
Nay sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child. 'A parted ev'n just between twelve and one.

ev'r at the turning o' th' tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John?' quoth I. 'What, man? be o' good cheer. ' So ' a cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So ' a bade me lay more clothes on

his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them,
and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his
knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold
as any stone.

Fifty percent

Ballroom

music: Alan & Mary Bergman, lyrics: Billy Goldenberg

*I don't iron his shirts, I don't sew on his buttons
I don't know all the jokes he tells, or the songs he
hums
Though I may hold him all through the night
He may not be here when morning comes*

*I don't pick out his ties, or expect his tomorrows
But I feel when he's in my arms he's where he wants to
be
We have no mem'ries, bittersweet with time
And I doubt if he'll spend New Years Eve with me*

*I don't share his name, I don't share his ring
There's no piece of paper saying that he's mine
But he says he loves me and I believe it's true
Doesn't that make someone belong to you?*

*So I don't share his name. So I don't wear his ring.
So there's no piece of paper saying that he's mine
So we don't have the mem'ries, I have enough mem'ries*

*I've washed enough mornings, I've dried enough
evenings,
I've had enough birthdays to know what I want!
Life is anyones guess, it's a constant surprise*

*Though you don't plan to fall in love when you fall
you fall.
I'd rather have fifty percent of him or any percent of
him
Than all of anybody else at all*

Sonnet 40 - "Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all"

*Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all!
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, of for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd if thou thyself deceivest.
by wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;*

And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

Scene 2
(The battle of the sexes)

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Act I Scene 4

Mistress Page

What, have I 'scaped love letters in the holiday
time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?
Let me see (Reads)

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use
Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his
counsellor. You are not young, no more am I. Go to
then, there's a sympathy. You are merry, so am I. Ha,
ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so
do I. Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice
thee, Mistress Page - at the least, if the love of
soldier can suffice - that I love thee. I will not
say, pity me - 'tis not a soldier-like phrase - but I
say, love me. By me.

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,
John Falstaff.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world.
-One that is wellnigh worn to pieces with age, to show
himself a young gallant? What an unweighed behavior
hath this Flemish drunkard picked - with the devil's
name! - out of my conversation that he dares in this
manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my
company. What should I say to him? I was then frugal
of my mirth - heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a
bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.
How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will
be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

(Enter) Mistress Ford

Mistress Ford

Mistress Page - trust me, I was going to your house.

Mistress Page

And, trust me. I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mistress Ford

Nay, I'll ne'er believe that. I have to show to the
contrary.

Mistress Page

Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mistress Ford

Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mistress Page

What's the matter, woman?

Mistress Ford

O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor.-

Mistress Page

Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor. What is it? - dispense with trifles - what is it?

Mistress Ford

If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mistress Page

What? thou liest. Sir Alice Ford? These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mistress Ford

We burn daylight; Here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words. But they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundreth Psalm to the tune of 'Greensleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mistress Page

Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs. - To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter. But let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names - sure, more - and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mistress Ford

Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mistress Page

Nay, I know not. It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mistress Ford

Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mistress Page

So will I - if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him. Let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mistress Ford

Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty.

Mistress Page

Why, look where he comes.

What You Don't Know About Women

music: Cy Coleman, lyrics: David Zippel

City of Angels

What you don't know about women
Could fill a shelf of books
You are the type of man
Who looks for understanding lovers
But never understands the girl
Who lies beneath the covers
You only have to open
Up your mouth to show
What you don't know
And you don't know about women

A woman needs to be assured
That she remains alluring
To now and then be reassured
Your passion is enduring
It's not enough to know your line
To polish and routine it
And heaven knows I know your line
The whole routine I've seen it. Ya gotta mean it

What you don't know about women
Is what we need to hear

You think if you can sound sincere
Then we'll come running to you
Throw in some truth for atmosphere
But we can see right through you
And every hollow compliment and phrase
Defines and underlines
What you don't know about women

You think what I don't know will not hurt me
But you don't know how often you do
How long ago did good sense desert me?
I don't know why I still burn for you
You never show what you are feeling
You're running low on emotion

What you don't know about women's
Only a drop in the bucket
Next to what you don't know about me
You are in need of a little enlight'ning
On ladies and love but you can't see
What you don't know about women is frightening
And you don't know nothin' about me

What you don't know about women, is what we need to
hear You think if you can sound sincere then we'll
come running to you Throw in some truth for
atmosphere, but we can see right through you

As You Like It

Phebe

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
Is is a pretty youth; not very pretty;
But sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the
difference Betwixt the constant red and mingled
damask. There be some women, had they marked him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am rememb'ed, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance
The matter's in my head and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him and passing short
Go with me, Silvius.

Naughty Baby

music: George Gershwin, lyrics: Ira Gershwin & Desmond Carter

Crazy for you

If you want a girl who's sentimental,
One who'll never set you in a whirl,
One who will be always sweet and gentle,
I am not that sort of girl.

But if you prefer a rather swift one,
If you think you'd like to run around
With a bright one
I am just the right one.

Naughty baby, naughty baby
Who will tease you.
I can show the way
And know the way
To please you

If you're wanting a beginner,
I shant do.
I can make a saint a sinner
When I want to.

If you find the simple kind Are rather slow dear,
Then you ought to try a naughty one you know dear.
But you'll never meet another who will be a
Naughty baby, naughty baby just like me

I'm the sort of girl you might expect to
Flirt with every fellow that she knew;
Just the sort your mother would object to
If she saw me out with you
But I always do the things I want to.
Everyone will tell you that I show
Too much stocking, I am simply shocking.

Naughty baby we love you.
Though you may be bad, it's true.
Please don't go, for though
We've been warned about you,
You must know that we want you so.
Can't you see that we'd be glad to keep you here.

We're all mad to have you near.
We'd pursue, the whole day through
A naughty baby, naughty baby just like you.

Naughty baby, naughty baby we adore you.
Say you'll stay and let us lay our hearts before you.
We're not wanting a beginner, you'll just do.
Let us take you out to dinner, we should love to.

We're depressed because the rest are rather slow dear,
You're not shy and that is why we love you so, dear,
Everyone of us is longing to pursue a
Naughty baby, naughty baby just like me.

The Taming of the Shrew

Katherine

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hidding his bitter jests in blunt behavior;
And to benoted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd

I pray you, sir, is it you will
To make a stale of me among these mates?

I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear
Iwis it is not halfway to (her) my heart
But if it were, doubt not (her) my care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool
What will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

You Wanna Be My Friend

music: David Shire, lyrics: Richard Maltby jr.

Closer Than Ever

You're so good, you're too good for me, you are.
You're the best damn person I have known by far.
If I could, you know I'd never throw this curve.
You're a goddess, and I'm not what you deserve.
What I'm saying is: Our thing must end.
But though it must, I want to be your friend.

Friend?.....Friend?!

You wanna be my friend? You wanna be my friend?
Oh that's nice, You wanna be my friend.

I have friends I know from college, High school pals
that I still see I have sisters in sororties 'cross
the country fond of me. Two chums that date from grade
school, one whole family from St. Paul. There are kids
I know from summer camp who still give me a call.
I have friends from when I lived in Paris, and my
singles cruise. I have five old boyfriends who still
call me up to schmooze. I have buddies from the lab in
Boston, colleagues from the zoo. I have got an aunt in
Cleveland, that I always can turn to.
I GOT ENOUGH FRIENDS!!!

Perhaps I should be going...
You stay right here!

You wanna be my friend? You wanna be my friend?
Well I'm touched. You wanna be my friend.

I want a lover and a husband and a partner and a
spouse. I want someone to split expenses with me on a
summer house. I want a father for my unborn children,
someone who's in tune. And since I'll be thirty-nine
next month I want him rather soon.
I want someone to buy rugs and lamps with someone
who'll cosign. I want a small joint bank account in
his name and in mine. I need someone I can fight with,
learn to cook with love to feed. Come to think of it,
there's only one thing I do not need
I DON'T NEED ANOTHER FRIEND!!!

I don't need to hear from you I'm perfect, then end up
all wet. I am tired of being the greatest girl a man
has ever met. "But I don't want to make a commitment
to you" Ha! can't you see. You don't want to tell the
truth, oh, no, you just want out from me. Yes I know
inside you're fragile, yes your mother was a mess.
If that's why you can't receive a woman's love, I
could care less! I don't need to know it's your fault,
have some balls, it doesn't fit.
You're not sick, deprived, misunderstood or weak.
You're just a shit!
And you wanna be my friend?

Who'd want you as a friend? Is my name on this lease?
Huh?
Is my name on this lease?!
Yeah...
Then get out of...my show!!!

Brush Up Your Shakespeare

music and lyrics: Cole Porter

Kiss Me Kate

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare, and the women you will wow
Just declaim a few lines from Othella
And they'll think you're a heck-uv-a fella
If your blonde won't respond when you flatter'er
Tell her what Tony told Cleopaterer
If she fights when her clothes you are mussing
What are clothes, "Much Ado About Nussing"
Brush up your Shakespeare and they'll all kow-tow

A recitation: "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be sun".

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare, and the women you will wow
With the wife of the British Ambessida
Try a crack out of Troilus and Cressida
If she says she won't buy it or tike it
Make you tike it, what's more "As You Like It"
If she says her behaviour is heinous
Kick her right in the Coriolanus
Brush up your Shakespeare, and they'll all kow-tow

A recitation: "Out damn spot. Out, I say. Look what ya
done On the rug. Bad Spot." (Dog barking)

Brush up your Shakespeare, start quoting him now
Brush up your Shakespeare, and the women you will wow
If you can't be a ham and do Hamlet
They will not give a damn or a damnlet
Just recite an occasional Sonnet
And your lap'll have honey up on it
When your baby is pleading for pleasure
Let her sample your "Measure For Measure"
Brush up your Shakespeare, and they'll all kow-tow
Forsooth
And they'll all kow-tow

Y'faith
And they'll all kow-tow
Shakespeare and a haircut

Reprise

End

APPENDIX B: PROGRAM

ACT ONE

<i>One (singular sensation)</i> music Marvin Hamlisch lyrics Edward Kleban	A Chorus Line	Lisa and Pam
--	----------------------	--------------

COURTSHIP

<i>Sooner or Later</i> music & lyrics Stephen Sondheim	Dick Tracy	Lisa
Sonnet 18 "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day"		Pam
HELENA	Midsummer Night's Dream Hermia Demetrius	Pam Lisa Matt
<i>They Say It's Wonderful</i> music & lyrics Irving Berlin	Annie Get Your Gun	Lisa
All's Well That Ends Well Act I Scene I	Helena Paroles	Pam Matt
<i>Losing My Mind</i> <i>You Could Drive a Person Crazy</i> music & lyrics Stephen Sondheim	Follies Company	Lisa

MARRIAGE

Sonnet 116 "Let me not to the marriage of true minds"		Pam
<i>Miller's Son</i> music & lyrics Stephen Sondheim	A Little Night Music	Lisa
BEATRICE ROSALIND	Much Ado About Nothing As You Like It	Pam Pam
CATHERINE OF ARAGON <i>Patterns</i> music David Shire lyrics Richard Maltby	Henry VIII Baby	Pam Lisa

DADDY

Sonnet 29 "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes"		Pam
<i>My Heart Belongs to Daddy</i> music and lyrics Cole Porter	Leave It To Me	Lisa
GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA	King Lear	Pam

PROGRAM



THE OTHER WOMAN

MISTRESS QUICKLEY	Henry IV and Henry V	Pam
<i>Fifty Percent</i> music Alan & Marilyn Bergman lyrics Billy Goldenberg	Ballroom	Lisa
Sonnet 40 "Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all"		Pam
The Battle of the Sexes		
Merry Wives of Windsor Act I Scene 4	Mistress Page Mistress Ford	Pam Lisa
<i>What You Don't Know About Women</i> music Cy Coleman lyrics David Zippel	City of Angels	Lisa and Pam
PHOEBE <i>Naughty Baby</i> music George Gershwin lyrics Ira Gershwin & Desmond Carter	As You Like It Crazy for You	Pam Lisa and Matt
KATHERINE <i>You Wanna Be My Friend</i> music David Shire lyrics Richard Maltby	Taming of the Shrew Closer Than Ever	Pam Lisa and Matt
<i>Brush Up Your Shakespeare</i> music and lyrics Cole Porter	Kiss Me Kate	Pam, Lisa and Matt

Production Team for Singular Sensations

Stage Manager	Leslie Colern
Technical Supervisor	Lee Lyons
Technical Director	Harlan Jeglin
Costume Manager	Trudy Storm
Box Office Supervisor	Judy Dymond
Programs and Publicity	Patrick Watkins
Booth Crew	Tammi Devine, Heather Hoglund
Stage Crew	Lorney O'Connor, Matt Scarpino, Eric Mulz
Wardrobe Crew	Robin Newell, Yvonne Mitchell
House Manager	Briana Stewart
Ushers	Members of The Players of the Pear Garden Student Club
Student Assistants	Tamara Deemer, Nancy Driggs, Andy Felt, Heather Grace Hoglund, Kay Kite, Eric Mulz, Robin Newell, Steve Robles, Mark Rogers, Matthew Scarpino, Vint Shurtliff, Rebecca Wiebel, Kara Vanderbundt



The Theatre Arts Student Scholarship Fund supports many of our talented students in the pursuit of their education here at Cal State, San Bernardino. I hope you will join us for this special evening of delicious food and delightful entertainment that will benefit our deserving students.

The evening begins with an outdoor candlelight feast on the lovely Music Patio followed by an intimate performance of theatre songs and Shakespeare performed by Lisa Lyons and Pamela Lambert, directed by Margaret Perry.

I look forward to joining you on April 12th for this special celebration.

Patrick Watkins, Chair
Department of Theatre Arts

California State University, San Bernardino's
Department of Theatre Arts
cordially invites you to
a special evening of theatre songs and Shakespeare
with a delicious candlelight dinner
preceeding the performance

SINGULAR SENSATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE & SONG

Saturday Evening, April 12th
Dinner will be served at 7 p.m.
Music Patio, Creative Arts Building

\$50 per person
RSVP by March 31, 1997
(909) 880-5876

University Theatre Presents "Shakespeare & Song"

By Mary Ellen Abilez
Chronicle Staff Writer

Imagine an evening with Liza Minnelli doing Broadway tunes, interspersed with Glenn Close articulating Shakespeare. It was a beautiful blend of song and powerful dramatic interpretation. The numbers performed by Pamela Lambert and Lisa Lyons last week at University Theatre at Cal State complimented each other with their focus on one thing, "celebrating the singular sensation that is love."

Experiencing this show was like eating a carton of sweet and sour fast food. Contained in a small space was a blend of seemingly

opposite flavors that married when eaten, and that left one wanting just one more bite. At one point, both Lambert and Lyons were doing a duet, each showcasing her own theatre concentration. Lambert's later monologue, as Catharine of Arragon pleading with Henry, was as haunting as Lyons was hilarious in her comical rendition of "My Heart Belongs To Daddy."

The costumes were clever, simple, yet effective. At no time did they detract from the performances of Lambert, Lyons, or Matthew Scarpino, who played his bit parts with sophistication and style when he wasn't on the ground.

This particular night was set aside as a fund raiser for scholarships. It included a sumptuous gourmet meal served prior to the show. The repast was nothing short of sensational; the tables groaned with the weight of all the foods, fruits, candles, and wines set before us. I believe I took more photos of the table than of the show.

All in all, it was a very engaging evening. It was fun making new friends while sipping old wine, and the show was an artistic accomplishment.

University Theatre's next production will be *Antigone*, set to begin in May.

APPENDIX E: PERFORMANCE VIDEO

(See accompanying video tape)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Atkinson, Brooks. Broadway. New York: Macmillan, 1970.
- Billington, Michael. Performing Arts. London: QED, 1980
- Bordman, Gerald. American Musical Theatre: A Chronicle. New York: Oxford University Press, 1987.
- Bowers, Dwight Blocker. American Musical Theater. WashingtonDC: Smithsonian, 1989.
- Brahms, Caryl (with Ned Sherrin). Song By Song. Ross Anderson, 1984.
- Engel, Lehman. Words With Music. London: Schirmer-Macmillan, 1972.
- Ganzl, Kurt. Ganzl's Book of the Broadway Musical. New York: Schirmer Books, 1995
- Green, Stanley. Broadway Musical: Show by Show. Milwaukee, MI: Hal Leonard Book, 1987.
- Kasha, Al (with Joel Hirshorn) Notes on Broadway. Chicago: Contemporary, 1985.
- Kislan, Richard. The Musical. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall Press, 1980.
- Lees, Gene. The Singers and the Song. New York: Oxford University Press, 1987
- Mates, Julian. America's Musical Stage: 200 Years of Musical Theatre. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1985.

Richards, Stanley. Great Musicals of the American Tradition.

Radnor PA.: Chilton, 1975.

Smith, Cecil. Musical Comedy in America. New York: Theatre
Arts, 1950

Vallance, Tom. The American Musical. New York: Barnes, 1970.

Zadan, Craig. Sondheim and Company. New York: Harper and
Row, 1986.